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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature." —CICERO.

## VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1877.

## NUMBER 40.

### "LOOK AT HOME."

Should you feel inclined to censure  
Faults you may in others view,  
Ask your own heart, are you venture,  
If that has not failings, too.

Let not friendly vows be broken,  
Rather strive a friend to gain;  
Many a word in anger spoken  
Finds its passage back again.

Do not, then, in idle pleasure,  
Trifle with a brother's fame;  
Guard it as a valued treasure,  
Sacred as your own good name.

Do not form opinions blindly,  
Hastiness to trouble tends;  
Those of whom we've thought unkindly  
Oft become our warmest friends.

### "ONE WOMAN'S LIFE."

It was a pretty, old-fashioned garden  
where tall hollyhocks grew by the  
fences, and honeysuckles made gay the  
little porch, and pinks yielded their  
odorously sighs to the warm air, and,  
close by Avis, where she sat, a blossoming  
tuft of "Love-lies-bleeding." Ah! yes, Love indeed lay bleeding in  
her home, struck down by her angry  
hand, held down by her angry foot,  
and vainly pleaded to be raised to its  
wonted home. But the pretty face  
was stern, and the busy fingers paused  
often in their task, and the blue eyes  
looked absently over the clover-fields  
and apple-orchard, while the work slipped  
unheeded to her feet. At last her  
face softened, and her eyes filled.

"He never meant it," she said to herself, "John was in a passion and so  
was I, and he'll come back by sun-  
down, and we'll make it up, and never  
never quarrel any more."

There had been none to say "nay"  
when John Cranshaw wooed pretty  
Avis Redmond; for both were orphans,  
and both had their way in the world to  
make for themselves, and a somewhat  
difficult task each was finding it—Avis  
as village teacher, and John as small  
market-gardener—when some country  
festivity threw themselves together,  
and straightway "the old, old story was  
told again," and Avis was smiling and  
blushing in the village church, sweet  
as a pink in the simple wedding gar-  
ments. Hearty voices wished them  
joy, and willing hands helped Avis to  
take up the faded flowers that lay on  
the table, to throw them away, when a  
sudden waft of fragrance from the dy-  
ing blossoms smote her like a blow,  
and, with a burst of bitter tears, she  
held them to her lips sobbing:

"They were like my home, blooming  
and sweet, and now naught but the fra-  
grance remains, like a haunting mem-  
ory, forever and forever." She put  
them in her bosom and went back to  
her lonely watch. She knew it was  
useless, but she sat there all night, and  
only the stars that shone forever  
saw her tears and heard her moans.

In that silent watch she thought it all  
out—faced the heavy truth and accepted  
the burden, and, as the rosy dawn  
crept into the pale east, there came  
to her sore heart blessed words: "Come  
unto me, all ye who are weary and  
heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Like rain to the desert came the healing  
words, and on her knees by baby  
Ellice in her rosy sleep she poured out  
her anguish and repentance in a voice-  
less prayer and rain of saving tears.

They were both out of temper; and  
may be with some little reason, for the  
day was hot, and John had been hard  
at work since the dewy dawn, was  
hungry and tired, and the moon-faced  
clock on the mantle was on the stroke  
of 1—an unprecedented hour for dinner  
in that thrifty household.

But, then, Avis had had a trying  
morning of it, too. In the first place,  
the bread wouldn't rise; and, when at  
last she had with much persuasion induced  
it to assume the delicate lightness  
dear to every housekeeper's heart,  
the fire wouldn't burn. The wood was  
a thought to long for the little shing-  
ing stove, and just the least bit green,  
and sputtered and smoked dismally  
through the tiny crack of the stove-  
door, that wouldn't stay shut. Then  
baby Ellice lost her kitten, and made  
pitiful moan over the bereavement,  
dogging her mother's busy step with  
incessant cry: "Kitty! Kitty! Want  
Kitty!" till with the heat, the hurry  
and worry, the poor little woman's  
good angel deserted her and left her  
a little loath to forgive John's hasty  
words.

"Let not the sun go down upon thy  
wrath!" Who said that just in her ear?  
She started up and looked around.  
No one was near, but the level rays of  
the declining sun poured broadly over  
the meadow-lands, and the tinkling  
bells of the home-coming herds broke  
silence on the silence.

Her cheeks burned as she realized  
she had spent the whole of the lovely  
afternoon cherishing her anger, till  
it turned to sting her to quick re-  
pentance.

The sudden revulsion of feeling sent  
a song to her lips and a happy light into  
her eyes, and hurrying into the  
house, she caught baby Ellice from her  
crib and cuddled her close, crying:

"Papa is coming, baby, and we'll  
meet him in the lane, and we'll make  
him the nicest supper that ever  
eaten."

A light heart and willing hand can  
do wonders, and soon the neat table  
was laid, and a brisk fire snapping and  
glowing in the little stove, and such  
simple dainties as John liked best in a  
state of delicate perfection.

She turned silently from the door  
when the dusty country road was empty,  
and began to clear away the un-  
tasted meal. In the course of her work  
she trod on the tiny knot of flowers  
John had thrown down in his passion,  
and she mechanically picked it up and  
laid it on the table; for Avis loved flow-  
ers, and handled them ever with affection-  
ate care.

By-and-by the work was all done,  
and baby Ellice sleeps in her white  
nest, and Avis sat down with her sewing  
on the low step in the cool shade.

"Why didn't he come? Why didn't  
he come?" Then, like a flash of light-  
ning, striking her cold with terror,  
came the thought—perhaps he would  
never come again.

The song was dead on her lips, and  
hope dead in her heart. Mechanically,  
she arose, took down shining milk pails,  
let in the patient animals, milked, fed  
and watered them, and then, in her  
spotless dairy, strained and set away  
the shining pails of milk, all with a  
strange, numb feeling, and with one  
thought surging through her brain: "He  
will never come again, never any more."

The fire was out, the kettle's song was still,  
and the table stood a mute reminder of the joyous hopes

that the cruel sea hid them in its depths,  
and made childless the worse than  
widowed mother.

Poor, patient Avis bowed so silently  
beneath the stroke that they said  
among themselves, "She is struck  
dumb; her grief has crazed her." But  
she lived on—for we cannot die when  
we would—though the brown hair was  
quite silvered now, and the thin cheeks  
were ghastly in their pallor, but she  
never faltered in her duty. The even-  
ing fire ever burned brightly, and the  
nightly candle shone from the window  
as was their once dear custom, so that  
should he come within sight of his  
home, he would know she was waiting  
for him, as of old.

And so twenty years rolled heavily  
by, and she still waited. She would  
say to those who questioned:

"He is not dead, for if the sea held  
him some token would come to me; or  
if the earth covered his breast would  
thrive beneath my tread. He may  
come, and I can wait."

One chill autumn morning a man,  
bent and broken in form, climbed the  
low wall of the village cemetery on the  
hill, and with fear-haunted face searched  
among the mossy stones. A long,  
long time he searched, and then from  
the white lips broke a fervent:

"Not here. Thank God, not here!"

All that day he lay hidden in the  
damp grass and ferns on the hillside.

But when night fell, and the gleams of  
household fires shone far and clear  
from the village, he slowly and painful-  
ly dragged himself toward them.

Avis had just placed the candle on  
the sill as he stopped at the gate, while  
the familiar ray made his heart beat  
heavily and his breath come hard.

Then he realized what he had feared

most, and on his knees in the frosty  
grass prayed earnestly:

"Thank God, she is alive!"

Cautiously he made his way to the  
window and peered in, but shrank  
back aghast, muttering:

"Is that Avis?—that silver-haired  
saint my blue-eyed darling? How  
changed!—ah, me, how changed!"

"Then came a thought cutting like  
a knife: "Was she waiting still for  
him, or was there some other?" He  
writhe in silent agony, and whisper-  
ed hoarsely:

"Avis, my darling, Avis!"

Hark! she was coming to the door.  
He drew back into the shadow and  
waited. A gleam of light shot into  
the outer darkness, and a loved voice  
said eagerly, lovingly:

"John, where are you? I am here  
my husband, waiting."

A sudden figure uprising from the  
night, a voice in her ears: "Avis, my  
love, I am here!" A look, a fervent "At  
last, at last! O, my God! I thank  
Thee!" and two purified lives came to-  
gether again to round softly to their  
allotted end, as after stormy weather  
comes at last the tranquil sunset.

—MORE THAN A MILE A MINUTE.

usual, and the rushing air against the  
windows sounded like the sweeping of  
a rain storm. Otherwise there was no  
indication of unusual speed to a person  
in the car.

Presently watches were taken out  
and observations made. The rever-  
end clergy, as well as the more worldly  
laity, became interested.

"A mile in sixty seconds!" ejaculated  
one.

Shortly after—"A mile in fifty-eight  
seconds!"

Again—"A mile in fifty-seven seconds!"  
and the enthusiastic Frank Moran, with a cheer that intensified  
the excitement, announced that his  
stop-watch marked fifty-five seconds  
to the mile.

Before one could point out an ob-  
ject it had vanished. Before a question  
could be asked and answered a mile  
had sped; five miles were trav-  
ersed in the interval while cigars were  
handed around and lighted by as  
many men. A flock of blackbirds, fly-  
ing towards the west with all their  
fleetness in cleaving the air, were soon  
left behind and lost to view.

The wires on the telegraph poles  
swung up and down from the move-  
ment of the train. The bushes on  
the side of the ditch shook as if  
swept by a hurricane, the tall and  
gaudy yellow coxcombs that grew be-  
side the fences bent to the ground in  
a seemingly overpowering desire to  
get loose from the earth and follow  
the rushing train. The dust from  
newly ballasted portions of the track  
and the chips and leaves rose up  
fiercely against the force of gravita-  
tion, and whirled and gyrated like  
vapory clouds in a tempest. A thin  
line of smoke stretched interminably  
in the distance. The impetus of the  
train increased; the vehemence with  
which it rushed forward created a vac-  
uum that apparently took nature some  
seconds to overcome, and the spirits  
of the passengers were exhilarated by  
the unprecedented speed at which they  
moved through space.

A side-track passenger train saluted  
us with cheers and locomotive whistles.  
Neither was heard; before the sound  
could reach the ears of the pas-  
sengers in the special it was beyond  
hearing. One could see the rushing  
steam and the waving handkerchiefs.

Train Despatcher Noble reported  
that six miles between Highwood and Ridge-  
ton were made in five minutes; the fifty-  
seven miles between St. Thomas and  
Charing Cross were made in fifty-six  
and a half minutes. A halt at Charing  
Cross for four minutes for water,  
and then on again with the same over-  
powering velocity. But go as fast as  
it might, the Canada Southern train  
could not overtake the sun; it sank,  
and nightfall came on. Then could  
be seen the work of the fireman.  
Every time he opened the furnace  
a volume of sparks shot out, and the  
trailing fire came down upon the  
track like the pyrotechnics of an aerial  
mine.

Finally a sharp twist that sent the  
standing passengers over to the right,  
and then another that sent them in  
the other direction, and the yard of  
Amherst station was reached.

Hurrah! One hundred and eleven  
miles in one hundred and nine min-  
utes! The fastest time in America—  
beating by three minutes the run of  
Vanderbilt's special train.

—A MOST DISTRESSING AFFAIR.

A YOUNG GIRL FRIGHTENED INTO CONVUL-  
SIONS.

(From the Cincinnati Enquirer, Sept. 23, 1877.)

A most distressing affair occurred  
Friday night at the residence of Mr.  
Frank C. Lammers, at No. 195 Betts  
street, in which a thirteen-year-old girl  
named Katie Graebe, whose widowed  
mother lives at No. 155 Clark street,  
was the sufferer. It seems that the  
boys in that neighborhood have been  
losing a number of pet pigeons at the  
hands of other boys, who made period-  
ical raids on the birds. In order to  
stop the thieving, the owners of the  
pigeons, among whom were Herr  
Lantz and three others, named Weisel,  
Niemers, and a boy called "Cookey"—

all between the ages of fourteen and  
sixteen years—concluded to mask their  
faces by blacking them and lay in wait

for the expected raiders. On the night  
in question, about eight o'clock, the  
moon shining very brightly, the boys,  
while waiting, thought it would be fun  
to scare little Katie Graebe, who was  
engaged at her domestic duties in the  
rear part of the Lammers residence.

Soon the girl came into the back yard,  
when the boys rushed upon her with  
yells and whoops, their black faces  
shining ominously in the moonlight.

The poor girl for a moment stood still  
with terror, and then fled moaning and  
fainting at their feet, and presently lay  
still as if in death. The boys, now  
thoroughly frightened themselves, gave  
the alarm, and Katie was taken to the  
residence of her aunt, Mrs. Henry A.

Klonwe, who resides a few doors east,  
at No

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THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes; published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the Editors.

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All communications relative to the foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, Rev. Henry Winter Sylve, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

### NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Some of our subscribers have complained, and not without good reason, that they can not read their JOURNAL of Sept. 13th. We take the opportunity to say to all that the blurred and bad appearance of that edition was the result of an accident, which we could not remedy in time to reprint. We know it was aggravating for our readers, and it was a sore disappointment to ourselves, but we hope hereafter to print a paper that will be easily read.

Mistakes are liable to occur in all well-regulated families, but we hope to make no more of that kind.

### WHAT IS GRATITUDE?

Gratitude implies a debt due to others for some favor, or favors, received.

In a worthy sense, we owe a debt of gratitude for kindness shown us by earthly friends. To our fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, and connexions we are in many ways indebted for assistance and innumerable acts of kindness. Ungrateful, indeed should we be, if, after being the recipients of the love and favors of others, we should be no unappreciative of their goodness as to forget, or neglect, to reciprocate their favors.

If he is to be reprehended, who fails to appreciate, remember, and return good for favor in his intercourse among his fellow men, how basely ungrateful must he be, who does not feel thankful to Him who is the giver of all things? In a spiritual sense, duty to God demands thankful hearts for every blessing that we enjoy.

Let no deaf-mute repine at his lot, because he is deprived of the sense of material sounds, but rather rejoice and feel grateful for the many other blessings which God has conferred on him.

Let us not murmur at what we are pleased to term our misfortune, but give thanks for the faculties which we do possess. Neither repining nor chafing can better our condition, but a spirit of gratefulness for present good makes our seeming unhappiness dwindle into utter insignificance. It is our imperative duty, if we do not already possess the attribute, to cultivate and cherish a spirit of gratitude, not only for past but all present mercies.

open. With St. Mary's of Buffalo, we have two institutions in the State under Catholic auspices.

Two years ago we reported the initial movement in the matter of a Constitutional amendment seriously affecting the institutions. It provided, in the original draft, that no school of whatever nature in this State should receive aid in any manner public, unless the property belonged to the State, or the county, or the town in which located. This threatened a great change of management, and doubtless stirred sundry parties to action, for in its revised form the amendment excepts institutions for the blind, the deaf, and juvenile delinquents from the provision. But on one important point it is fixed, deaf and hearing alike, shall not be taught in sectarian schools and recognized by the State. The amendment goes to the people this fall, and if adopted it will cut off the St. Mary's (Buffalo) Institution and the St. Joseph's (Fordham and Brooklyn) Institution from all State and county aid; and, if all correspondence may be addressed.

ALBERT C. Hargrave, of East Boston, Mass., has lately been sorely afflicted by the death of his father, who has been in delicate health for many years.

Mrs. Fleming, a hearing lady from New York, has been appointed to the vacant position of Assistant Matron in the Central New York Institution.

REV. Mr. Mann and family have moved to Cleveland and reside at No. 23 Linden street, to which all correspondence may be addressed.

THE EDITOR of the *Mirror* improved his vacation, and his pocket book, by clerking in an agricultural store.

THE *Tablet* office has been improved by the addition of a Columbia Job Press and several fonts of job type.

PROF. TURNER's friends and correspondents will please address him at No. 27 Appleton street, Boston, Mass., instead of at Worcester.

REV. Mr. Mann and family have moved to Cleveland and reside at No. 23 Linden street, to which all correspondence may be addressed.

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## Correspondence.

### HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

**FRIEND RIDER:**—While I hear with pleasure of the prompt and efficient aid rendered at the late fire in Mr. Stone's store, by the Mexico Fire Company, and of their earnest and commendable efforts in resisting the course of the Fire King, and their final success, knowing as I do that they are, and *ever have* been prompt, earnest, and efficient, and deserving of much credit as well as the confidence and encouragement of every citizen, I hear, with regret, that there are *those* who speak disparagingly of them, and seem disposed to give the credit, belonging to the company, to others; thereby discouraging the boys, and creating disaffection and distrust. Nothing is so disheartening to a fireman as those unkind remarks; and nothing so encouraging or more conducive to strength, promptness and efficiency, as kind, encouraging words from the citizens. Men can work with a will when they feel that their labors are appreciated. Not that I would detract from the acts of any citizens, or the aid they render in cases of fire, but I protest against any effort to credit the success of that night to any one party at the expense of our Fire Company, as they have always proved themselves prompt, earnest and efficient men, and anything calculated to dishearten or demoralize the company, should not be countenanced.

AMICUS.  
Union Square, Sept. 29, 1877.

### NEW YORK INSTITUTION NOTES.

Vacation is at length over, and its close has again summoned us to the regular routine of duties and responsibilities. However we are all cheerful and hope to make good progress in our studies, so that at the close of the year we may be able to present clear records. With the exception of a single accident, which has already been commented upon in the *Journal*, the school opens with bright hopes for the future. Bright faces fill the class-rooms, and a pleasant rivalry as to who shall best succeed in obeying the rules of the institution, seems to exist among the pupils. The number of pupils in attendance is as usual quite large, the classes are all well filled and in some of the classes there are cries for "elbow room." The total number present on the 25th inst., was 447, consisting of 236 boys and 161 girls, but there are still a goodly number absent who will soon be dropping in one after another.

Since the close of school the halls, study-rooms and sleeping apartments have undergone a complete renovation in which the paint-pot and scrubbing-brush have materially assisted. A new ventilating apparatus, which would take up too much space to describe, runs through the school building, and will doubtless add to the health if not to the convenience of the teachers and pupils.

The Fenwood Base Ball Club has been reorganized and is to have new uniforms made according to the latest style. It is said that they will play with the professional Hartford some time next month, Mr. Ferguson of that club having expressed a desire to witness how the mutes play. The game will be played on the Union grounds in Brooklyn in about three weeks.

On the 22d inst., we were favored with a very interesting lecture in the sign language by Prof. Jones. His subject was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's great literary success. You can best imagine his eloquence when informed that he kept his audience entranced, from 7:30 to 10 p. m.

Last week some of our smart fellows, having nothing particular to occupy their attention, made a ferocious attack upon a hornet's nest located in a tree on the play grounds; result a bad defeat, hotter shelter and several beautifully swollen faces.

During vacation Edward J. Hall, a pupil of the first class, nobly saved a young lad from drowning. However, we are sorry to state that not even a leather medal has yet been presented to him.

The last report of this institution is out. It was presented to the Legislature Jan. 9th 1877, but for some unexplained reason did not make its appearance till August. If the State printer does not work more lively we shall be independent of his assistance and print the report in our own office. This we are well prepared to do, and we hope at no distant day to be given an opportunity to prove our ability.

New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Sept. 23, 1877.

### A WORCESTER LETTER.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 24, 1877.  
**EDITOR JOURNAL:**—It affords me a great deal of pleasure to send you some Worcester notes that may be interesting to your readers.

Sunday forenoon, the 18th inst., Mr. William Lynde, of Boston, preached a good sermon to the mutes in their rooms, Gorham's Block, in this city, after which a Bible-class was held. In the evening, they held a prayer-meeting, and were greatly pleased with it.

I very much regret to say that, we have lost one of the members of the "Massachusetts Deaf-Mute Christian Union," Miss Abbie L. Chaffin, who went to Chicago, Tuesday, the 18th, to live with her relatives. She has lived in this city many years, and has always worn a pleasant countenance. We shall always remember her looks with pleasure, and wish her much success and happiness during her absence from here. She remained a pupil at the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., between eight and nine years, and grad-

uated at the High School two or three summers ago.

At the quarterly meeting held in the mutes' room, Gorham's Block, Wednesday evening, the 19th inst., the officers of the Massachusetts Deaf-Mute Christian Union talked over business affairs belonging to the society. Mr. Geo. A. Holmes, president of the society, and Mr. David White, collector, were present, but Mr. Geo. B. Keniston, prudential committee was absent. Everything belonging to the society was found quite satisfactory. The meeting lasted from eight till eleven o'clock p. m., and then adjourned till Dec. 20. Daniel W. Cary resigned his place as sexton, and Wm. H. Green, secretary of the society took his place. Mr. Cary was elected chairman of the committee on lectures, and Mr. W. H. Green and Miss Addie V. Joslin were elected committee on lectures. The president made appropriate remarks in the sign language, and the members were quite satisfied with what was said.

I assure you that the society has done very well since Jan. 20th, and that is in quite a flourishing condition. Let the society continue to prosper. Its success, peace, usefulness and happiness, should not be marred for our sake. We are going to begin to have lectures in October, and shall continue them till spring. We hope the lectures will be in every way successful.

Mr. John Frash, of Deerfield, Mass., a deaf-mute, came to this city, Friday, the 21st, and will stop with his mute friends here for several days. He is both a farmer and cigar-maker. He was educated at the American Asylum, for a number of years.

On Friday evening, the 21st, we had seven mute callers at our house, and enjoyed their company very much. They were Mrs. E. D. Denny, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Howe, Messrs. D. White and J. Trask, Misses Joslin and Houghton.

My wife's grand-mother, of Marlboro, Mrs. Lovinia R. Russell, stopped with us a week, and went home the 22d inst. She had seventeen children, many grand-children and a few great-grand-children, one of whom is my little boy. She is seventy-seven years old, but is remarkably smart.

Ira H. Derby, publisher of "The History of the first school for Deaf-mutes of America," has done well, I believe. He is an old classmate of mine. He went to the Hartford Asylum as a scholar in the fall of 1861, and left there in the summer of 1863. He was a member of the Gallaudet High School two years. He is considered a fine specimen of manhood, and is a smart shoemaker, who helps his father work on boots in South Weymouth, Massachusetts.

DANIEL W. CARY

### PROF. JOHNSON'S REPLY TO MISTRESS RICHARDSON AND CO.

FIN.

GRAY, Me., September 27, 1877.

DEAR MISTRESS:—While I am seated, this lovely spring-like morning, for the express purpose of replying to your letter in the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, of the 6th inst., for defence, I am taking a very fine view of the pretty village of Gray, about two miles from my old classmate, Mr. Hiram P. Hunt's residence, pleasantly situated on what is well known as Hunt's hill, so named in honor of his grandfather, one of the earliest settlers of this place.

Day before yesterday, I arrived here, almost broken, from the mission work which I had been engaged in for about two months. I shall leave here for Boston to-morrow to hold a service in Cambridgeport on Sunday, at 10:30 a. m., and in St. Paul's Church, Boston at 3 p. m. After my service, I shall leave Boston to be gone a month on a mission.

On the 8th inst., while I was preparing a sermon in Biddeford, my attention was called to your letter of the 29th ult., in the *Journal*. Truly did I give your communication a very careful perusal, and sincerely did I give it a profound consideration with the coolness of a philosopher. It did not strike me with surprise at all, because I was fully aware that I should receive many bricks from even some of my faithful friends. I am not mad at the contents of your letter, because I cannot help feeling sure that you do not understand the object of my mission, on which ground I will most cheerfully pardon you, Misses Richardson and Coffin.

You can form no exact idea with what regret and mortification I found that you had such great misunderstandings about the object of my mission, which is yet in its infancy. I assure you, dear Misses, that it is because I have always had a high opinion of you both, sensible ladies, since I formed an acquaintance with you. I need not say that such ladies would not have written the letter.

Frankly do I assure you, dear Misses, that I have considered your remarks with very close attention, ever since I saw them in print, I very much regret to have to reply to them frankly for defence and honor, which I sincerely wish I could refrain from doing, not only because it is against my wishes, but also on account of the great respect which I have always felt and am still feeling for you both and your deaf-mute neighbors. I am and shall always be truly your friend. I am not surprised that I have so often been misunderstood by mutes, but I take no notice of what they have said, because they do not follow that appropriate motto "Look before you leap." It is a good motto for you to think of. My friends who are faithful to me, advise me not to take any notice of whatever may be said against me. It is my strong desire to live in peace with you and all the mutes, and to worship God with you in the beauty of holiness.

Am I right in thinking that you, Miss Richardson, are the President of the Newburyport Deaf-mute Society? You, Miss R. did not say that you were the President, but you, Miss Coffin said that you were the Secretary. I am sorry not to know how to address you, Miss R.

I see fit to tell you that I am now ready to give you, all, the deaf-mute residents of Newburyport, as much light about the object of my mission in your city as I can, because you do not understand me so thoroughly as you ought to.

You have written down "It is true that Prof. Atwood and others made no demonstrative opposition to his (Prof. Turner's) establishing an Episcopal Church Mission to Deaf-mutes in Newburyport, but it does not follow that it receives our approbation." Clearly does it show me that you all misunderstand me miserably on the subject.

Please excuse me, dear Misses, for venturing to say something about Prof. Atwood, first, before explaining my position as a missionary to deaf-mutes. During my pleasant sojourn with Prof. and Mrs. Atwood in Newburyport, I did have several short talks with him as to what my intentions were, which he seemed to understand well. He did say he would be happy to attend my occasional services at Rev. Mr. Drown's Episcopal Church.

I am struck with amazement at the change of his mind. He is a gentleman of sterling worth of character, always true to his conviction of duty, and held in great esteem by a large circle of acquaintances, having been for a number of years engaged in the instruction of the deaf-mutes. I have confidence in him as a safe preacher to deaf-mutes, though I have some fears that he does not understand aright what has caused me to dedicate the balance of my life to the service of God, who seems to have called me to the work in which I am now engaged. Pained I am to find that he has forgotten what I told him.

I did tell him that it was not my intention to disturb the Newburyport Deaf-mute Society on the Sabbath day at all, but to establish a church mission simply to conduct an occasional service for such deaf-mutes, and even such speaking people as might feel willing to attend it in the Rev. Mr. Drown's Episcopal Church one week day night, not on the Sabbath day. It only proceeded out of a true desire to invite you all to worship God in the beauty of holiness with us in the church occasionally. But to my great surprise you do not agree with me. I am sure that you would not have disturbed me if you had understood my position much better. The true Christian would not have done the same.

Prof. Atwood and myself, called on the Rev. Mr. Drown, Rector of St. Paul's, to whom I communicated the object of my mission, and who told me that he felt a deep sympathy in my work, because he had, several times, had desire to have an occasional service conducted in his church, for your benefit, which I still consider a high compliment to you. The Rev. Mr. Drown is truly your friend and feels a deep interest in your religious welfare. He will not charge you a red cent for using his nice church.

You say there is only a small number of mutes here, belonging to churches of different denominations. Well; I am fully aware of that. I was chosen to speak the word of God to both deaf-mutes and hearing audiences. I have my prepared sermons read to the hearing audiences, and I interpret them to the deaf-mutes at the same time. You do not know how hard I labor in the vineyard of the Lord in this way. Last July I officiated for but one deaf-mute lady in St. Paul's, Pawtucket, R. I., in which church a good many people assembled to worship God with her. An affecting scene it would have been to you. It was a great pleasure to me to hold the service with the rector, a very nice gentleman. Would you like to know how I held the service with the rector?

The rector read one verse first to the hearing congregation, and after he had read it, I translated it into signs for her benefit. After I had signed it, he read another, and after he was through, I signed it to her and so on. We did the same with my sermon. The congregation seemed interested, and requested me to conduct an occasional service in their church, which I promised to do with great gratification. The soul of one person is as good as those of two or more. Please let me call your attention to the tenth verse of the fifteenth chapter of Luke: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repents."

Before me are your words: "The present society was formed solely for the purpose of enabling the mutes of all denominations living in this city and vicinity, to come together and have religious services on the Sabbath, conducted in the sign language." Well; I knew it very well. Did I tell you that I intended to intrude on your services on the Sabbath? You wrote that argument as if I were ignorant of it. I had no intention whatever to destroy the prosperity of your society, which has my deepest sympathies. You do not understand my intentions thoroughly. Your society must be governed by the officers, but my mission needs not to be managed by any officer. As I am a missionary to deaf-mutes, so every place where I conduct services must be called a mission.

I assure you, Misses Richardson and Coffin, that you shall always have my best wishes for your health and happiness. Yours sincerely,

JOHN JOHNSON,  
Deaf-Mute Missionary,  
Newburyport, Mass.

interested in the intellectual and religious condition of deaf-mutes that he has given me a license to conduct special services among deaf-mutes in his Diocese, and I must be strictly faithful to the trust he has put in me. Your argument leads me to think that you are a little selfish. Please read the first and second verses of the fourth chapter of 1 Cor.—"Let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God. Moreover, it is required of a steward that a man be found faithful." I must fulfill my promise to hold an occasional service in your city. You must hereafter remember that I established the mission there not to disturb your society on the Sabbath, but only to hold services there occasionally, give you news about my mission work and deaf-mutes, and render you such assistance as you might need. It was my true desire to do as much good to you as I could, by requesting you to worship God with us. It would give me pleasure to officiate for you, if you desired it. No deaf-mute can form so exact an idea of the hardships and trials of a missionary as I have. Truly I have so very large a field to work in, that I have but little time for pleasure. A gentleman the other day told me that I had twice as much to do as a man of my age.

You strike me with amazement by saying "here the establishing of a Newburyport church mission to deaf-mutes by Prof. Turner, amounts to nothing as far as the mutes here are concerned." Would you have said it, if you had been as good churchmen as I am? It proves that you do not want me to hold a service in the Episcopal Church. It was selfishness that caused you to declare it, and to treat me improperly. You make me believe that you are afraid that my mission may injure the prosperity of your society, by saying, "If there were one or more mutes of the Episcopal denomination here, this setting up of such a church mission would only have the effect of dividing the present society and destroying its happy non-sectarian organization, which Prof. Turner is too intelligent not to know to be a fact."

Would you have said the same if the late Miss Gomer, a good church lady had lived? She was a resident of your city. What was it that made you say so? I had no idea whatever that my establishing the mission would confuse your society. You have surprised me by calling me "too intelligent not to know a fact." I was fully aware that there were no Episcopal mutes in your city, and yet I went there to establish a church mission to such deaf-mutes as might feel willing to attend my services free of bigotry. It is only my pure desire to invite mutes of all denominations to worship God with me. Behold I am no bigot!

You think the establishment of an Episcopal Newburyport church mission to deaf-mutes not only unwise but unfortunate, etc., etc. A church mission is a part of the house of God, and a missionary is his servant. You do not understand how valuable a mission as well as a society is. He who meddles with any religious society, is an enemy to God. Remember one of the ten commandments, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, God in vain." You have slighted His holy name by calling the establishment of a religious mission unwise and unfortunate. Let me call your attention to the fifteenth verse of the fourteenth chapter of John: "If ye love me, keep my commandments." If Christ were to tell you not to meddle with His name, would you keep that commandment? It was my great desire to glorify God by assembling mutes to worship Him. I did not intend to conduct any regular service. I shall now have about forty missions to conduct services in on Sundays and week day nights. Please mark the intentions.

You have made a great error in saying "it would interfere with the financial prosperity of the infant society here, and that the Episcopalians, who may have hitherto helped it a little, will be less disposed hereafter to contribute towards the support of two societies or church missions." I had no thought about money at all, but only to hold services to the glory of our best Master. I did intend to give your society what I might get from the church, except paying my traveling expenses (very small), and also to speak to the Episcopalians in kind terms of your society, and request them to continue to contribute towards its support. Am I selfish? I told Prof. Atwood the same. He can testify to it. So often have I been misunderstood.

I am fully determined never to take any notice of any thing which may be spoken against me and my mission work, but I will always defend myself by replying through the *Journal* to any thing which may attract my eyes. I however hope I shall not have that trouble. I am an old man, and have dedicated the remainder of my life to the service of God by endeavoring to ameliorate the intellectual and religious condition of my unfortunate fellow beings, by giving them lectures and leading them to the throne of God where we may have our ears opened and our mouths unstopped, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ our Lord.

The services for deaf-mutes at Grace Church last evening was very interesting to those who attended. The Rev. Mr. Gregson read the evening prayer and Mr. Turner translated into the sign language. There are 60 deaf-mutes from the State of Maine, 32 males and 28 females, attending the institution at Hartford. "One of them is from Bath. Mr. Turner's services are highly prized by them. It is his purpose to have regular services wherever a number of deaf-mutes can be gathered.—*Bath (Me.) Daily Times*, Sept. 20, 1877.

### CHURCH WORK AMONG THE DEAF AND DUMB.

From the *Lansing (Mich.) Republican*, Sept. 21st.

In this country the art of teaching those who are deprived of the sense of hearing, and consequently shut out of the common schools, is somewhat in its infancy. In the year 1817, the first school for them was founded in Hartford, Conn., by the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet. He went to Paris and acquired a knowledge of the sign language, and the methods of instruction pursued at the imperial institution. On his return he brought with him an educated deaf-mute, named Laurent Clerc, who was his assistant for a number of years. The school was started under the impression that the number of deaf and dumb in the country was very small, but in time many came as applicants, creating a necessity for enlarged accommodations. Still it increased, until at this time the school is in full tide of successful operation with an attendance of over 300 pupils.

The next school was founded in New York city in 1818, and in time became the largest in the world, with an attendance of nearly 600. The State of New York now supports four other institutions besides the parent one. The third school was founded in Philadelphia by Mr. Clerc, in 1821. At present Pennsylvania supports two institutions. From this time the number of those special schools began to increase, and at this day are scattered over the union from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Besides the schools supported by state funds there are several private ones.

In all these schools there are accommodations and facilities for instructing the deaf crowded, resolved not to risk an upsetting by venturing upon it. So he put an ear under each ear, and treading water, kept near the boat, cheering the crew, who as natural to men in their situation, were nervous and down-hearted. They

descended it capsized, and fell bottom uppermost.

The men immediately swam for it, and, with the exception of the Captain, reached it, where they

clung to the keel.

The Captain soon swam up, but finding the keel crowded, resolved not to risk an upsetting by venturing upon it. So he put an ear under each ear, and treading water, kept near the boat, cheering the crew, who as natural to men in their situation, were nervous and down-hearted. They

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## Correspondence.

### A DEAF-MUTE PARTY IN PHILA-DELPHIA.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 26, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On the 17th inst., there was a party at the house of Miss Sarah Graham, of Philadelphia, given in honor of four students of the National Deaf-mute College, who happened to be staying at the Deaf-mute Institution there on a visit at that time. The students consisted of Messrs. Zeigler, Elwell, Jackson and the writer.

Mr. Robert Livingstone, who was coming to Washington on business of his own in their company, was also present at the reception. That the affair was a grand success, is proved by the sweet recollections, which the mere mention of that night brings forth and the regrets expressed by the guests, for whom it was specially intended, that this party was the last one they would have the pleasure of attending before they returned to their irksome tasks at college.

A few deaf-mute gentlemen, of Philadelphia and vicinity, were also in attendance, but luckily for the male guests, the members of the fair sex largely outnumbered them, and they did not regret it in the least. A deaf-mute brother of Mr. Zeigler acted as host and Miss Shay as hostess on this occasion, the duties of which they discharged with signal ability and credit to themselves. The collation that was served was heartily enjoyed.

It would not be out of place here, to give the names of a few who attended the party. The ladies shall have the precedence: Misses Bacon, Hammel, Prestwich, Gray, and other fair ladies graced the occasion with their presence. The names of a few of the gentlemen were Messrs. Roop, Paul, McKinney and McMechen.

The party was kept up until one of the "wee sma' hours of the night," and when it was finally broken up, every one present declared they had never enjoyed themselves better at a social gathering; the students, one and all, agreed that the memories of that evening, and the good time they had with the fair daughters of Philadelphia, would haunt them to their last day and make their tasks at college seem less hard and irksome.

Before the party was broken up, we made Miss Graham happy with what we called "birthday presents," for this was her natal day. For particulars, I refer you to J. T. Elwell.

ONE OF THE STUDENTS.

### NEWS FROM CHICAGO.

A WEDDING—AN ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE—BROKEN BANKS—OTHER NOTES OF INTEREST.

CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 22, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Quite a long time has elapsed since I have seen any news from here in the JOURNAL.

Events have been transpiring thickly for the last month or two. Among the deaf and dumb there has been a wedding, and very nearly a death at exactly the same time. At 8:30 P. M. Sept. 4th, the wedding took place at 236 West Washington St., at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lamberson, the uncle and aunt of the bride. The bridegroom was Mr. G. A. Christensen, and the bride Miss Sallie Brasher.

The rooms were spacious and well lighted, the guests were partly composed of deaf and dumb friends and partly of hearing people. There were a number of representatives of the Chicago press present, and, being mostly young men, they complained of not being able to have a word in private with the beautiful mute damsels present, after introduction. Among the guests present were Prof. Emery and wife, Prof. Williams, Wm. Sullivan, Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Raffington, Rev. A. W. Mann, Mr. Kingon, and a large number of others.

The bride and groom made a fine appearance as they took their stand to have the marriage knot tied, which was consummated by the Rev. Mr. Caldwell, who proved himself no novice in the use of the manual alphabet.

After the marriage the cake proved delicious, and the flow of spirits was exuberant. The happy couple had a kind word and look for all their friends, and the unanimous wish of all present seemed to be that Providence might smile upon them all the way through life. They carried home with them a number of very nice presents of silver ware and furniture.

But while the above happy events were transpiring in Washington St., a far different scene was being enacted at 97 Clinton St. Mr. J. E. Thompson, a semi-mute who had worked and was doing well at his trade, of shoemaking, working in the same shop with Mr. Christensen, attempted to take his own life with a pistol. The time of marriage and shooting could not have va-

ried scarcely a minute. After shooting himself Mr. Thompson fell to the floor in great pain and agony. He was found to be shot one or two inches below the heart through the body, and the ball was taken out after probing from his back near the spine. But, strange as it may seem, this man was out on the streets, apparently as well as anybody.

The causes which led Mr. Thompson to attempt this rash act are not clearly defined, only as your reporter was able to get them from the newspapers, which stated that disappointment in love was the cause, coupled with melancholy at the loss of hearing. Of these two events, neither had anything to do with the other.

A large number of deaf and dumb children have gone to Jacksonville from here to school, yet there are many left, and their absence seems scarcely noticed.

In this city the all-absorbing topic is the broken banks. Thousands of depositors, who have earned a few hundred dollars by hard labor, are being swindled and robbed by these bank managers.

Bands of men are organizing all over the city under the name of working-men, and are going to try and elect men who will protect their interests.

There were no deaf and dumb persons hurt here during the late riot, though a few of them had to beat a hasty retreat before the threatening clubs of the special police.

We had a protracted convention at Jacksonville, after two efforts. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes went down and remained through the five weeks. Chicago had but few representatives there, but a general good time was experienced.

Mr. Holloway, of Iowa, and Mr. Lars Larson, of Wisconsin, spent a few days in the city recently, on their return to Washington. Both like the College. Mr. Larson says study there means business. His friends, and they are many, all wish him success.

The Exposition, is in full blast now, which is a good place for mute speculation. The variety and quality is superior to last year.

### NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On the afternoon of the 18th inst., the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes was favored with a call from Mr. W. J. Nelson, who two days previous arrived in this city from Liverpool, England, by the national steam-ship "Spain." Mr. Nelson has been spending nearly a year in Europe, with his father's family, visiting England, Scotland, and Ireland. He appears to be quite an intelligent young gentleman, and what is better still, a true Christian. He feels a warm interest in the Home and its mission.

The semi-mute young man, to whom I alluded in my last letter, has just been admitted as a pupil at the New York Institution. He bids fair to outlive some of the deaf-mutes in the literary field.

Mr. W. A. Bond, of Brooklyn, will lecture before the Manhattan Deaf-Mute Literary Association on Thursday evening, Oct. 17th. As yet we have not learned what his subject is to be.

Mrs. M. L. McKie, the Matron at the New York Inst., has resigned her position, and Miss Prudence Lewis, one of the assistant matrons, fills her place temporarily.

Rev. Dr. Gallandet preached at St. Ann's Church last Sunday. That church will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary on Sunday, the 7th of Oct. We hope there will be a large attendance of deaf-mutes.

The New York Inst., for Deaf-mutes recently received an appropriation of \$8,500 from our State Legislature—quite an ample sum.

Mr. Edgar Ketcham, the father of Mr. George E. Ketcham, a deaf-mute gentleman who died more than ten years ago, is still the efficient principal of the House of Refuge for juvenile delinquents on Randall's Island. Mr. Ketcham, has held this office for many years. Our deaf-mute friend was at one time a teacher in the South Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

The New York deaf-mutes are jubilant over the news that the next convention of the Empire State Deaf-mute Association is to be held here in the summer of 1879.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Seiley, of this city, are happy in the blessing of another little daughter, their second child. They will name her Bertha. Mrs. S. is of Jewish parents, and her husband was educated in Germany, we think.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Van Tassel, of Carmansville, N. Y., are going to name their little girl after her maternal grand-

mother, Mrs. Clotilde Lyon.

Miss Mary Fuller who has just left the N. Y. Institution for Deaf-mutes, is going next month to fill a place in the family of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bristol, of North Argyle, N. Y. We hope she will have a happy home.

Last Friday afternoon your correspondent had a very pleasant call from Mrs. C. S. Newell, Jr. She is well and in excellent spirits. During her summer out of the city she has had a most delightful time. She and her husband went to New Hampshire to visit Mr. N.'s great aunt, Miss Charlotte Stark, a grand-daughter of General Stark, of Revolutionary fame. Then they went to Boston, Mass., to attend the very fashionable wedding of Mr. Newell's youngest brother, Mr. William C. Newell, who was married on the 20th of last June to Miss Nellie Doane, of Boston. Among the handsome presents given to the happy young couple was a handsome marble clock from Ex-Gov. S. J. Tilden, and another costly gift from Gov. Robinson. If I mistake not, Mr. W. C. Newell is the private secretary of the present Governor of our State. The charming young bride wore a white silk dress. The bridal party then went to Newport, R. I., where a sumptuous supper was served at the United States Naval Station, where Lieutenant John Newell, another brother of our deaf-mute friend, Mr. N. who is engaged in the naval service. At the station, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Newell both surprised and delighted to meet their friends, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Haight. On board the splendid steamer Bristol with the party of deaf-mutes, were President and Mrs. Hayes. Lieutenant Newell escorted Mrs. Hayes about the station. While on board the Bristol, there was a very beautiful display of torpedoes which are used in time of war for wrecking vessels.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Hayes has learned how to use the single hand-alphabet. This will be very convenient, as she has a deaf-mute niece.

Having seen enough of fashionable Newport, Mr. and Mrs. Newell went to spend a month at the home of Miss Anna Hicks, of Old Westbury, Long Island. Here they passed a quiet time, after having mingled with the gayeties and pleasures of fashionable life.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Newell returned to the city about three weeks ago, and Mr. N. is now at his post in the Post Office.

For some weeks past Mr. John Wilkinson has been quite ill, but he is gradually recovering. He expects to go to Massachusetts about the middle of October.

VENEZUELA.

New York, Sept. 26, 1877.

### THE HIDDEN HAND, OR QUIET DOING.

BY MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

Some have yet to learn that the gentlest things in nature are the most powerful, but Mrs. Jerome had not that lesson to learn. The electric flash may startle for a moment, but how much greater is the influence of sunbeams that fall so silently around us! The sunbeams of requited love were making the tiny plants connected with Flower Garden Home an earthly paradise. The very name of Flower Garden Home thrilled many hearts.

Names exercise over us a power which few of us would be disposed to admire. It is a power, however, capable of demonstration. Controversies which have kept the world agitated for years, or even for centuries, are they not often to be traced by names? How many in our own times have been the mocking words, even the bitter angry feelings excited by the name, animal magnetism, yet who doubts the thing itself? Who doubts that there resides in some a wonderful power of attraction, by which they may win to themselves the sympathies of all hearts, and move the minds of others at their will; others may overpower opposition by strength of reason, but these move us, by an attractive force irresistible. It is not thus with that wonderful Hungarian, who, exiled, proscribed, resorted to speaking to strange nations, in strange languages, sways not the rude masses merely, but the grave judge, the stern legislator and the solemn divine; and what is there more wonderful in any physical influence, than in this power over minds by which we are induced to yield to one, what a greater array of argument and stronger personal motives could not have won from us, for another?

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mother, Mrs. Clotilde Lyon.

for the truth, never shrinking just to cater to the wishes of others. A fixed and living principle controls their every act. True, they are not always the first to advance ideas. A native modesty oftentimes keeps them back, but when the fitness of things have come, they do not hesitate to express their views in a manner that will carry their own conviction of sincerity. These are the reliable people. As we look out on social life, as it exists beyond our immediate circle, what do we see? Society is by no means pervaded by a Christian sentiment, or entirely governed by it, though it is felt in a great measure. Mankind, though in the way of progress, have not attained in any direction to a complete control over their circumstances. We are slaves to appetite, passion. We do not rise superior to outward things as we ought, and would, if we were not such creatures of habit. Society is at fault, because it does not instruct its youth in these great principles. Older and wiser heads have learned lessons of self-control, self-government. But do they in return for the advantages derived, and oftentimes so dearly learned, transmit their knowledge to younger minds? No; they are shut up in their own shell, selfish, as they act out, "let them learn as we have learned." Instead of pointing out, by sign-boards, the rocks and pitfalls, they allow them to proceed till they are overtaken and engulfed some to rise, others, never. Being naturally dependent upon each other, the good or evil of one class and one condition of men affects all classes and conditions. No one escapes. As soon as we enter into active life, we are compelled by the very nature of the case, to give our influence and work to one side or the other of these questions, and to be either for or against.

Evil does not, simply, affect those alone who are its immediate victims—it touches us all with its deadly hand. There is no such thing as localizing evil. Its influence is in the air, and poisons it, is in the earth and makes it sterile; it is a shadow in every sunbeam; it is a blasting-influence upon every labor. Industry is weakened. Thought, conscience are paralyzed by it. How quickly does it taint and envenom the fresh life of youth; quenching its generous emotions, and with iron hand crushing its love of truth, liberty, and God.

On the other hand, how vitalizing is the influence of good. Fill the social state with benevolence, with self-control, with noble thoughts and aims, with humanity and truthfulness, let the air be all electric with ideas of right, with an unconquerable regard for justice, and what blessings and happiness belong to it.

Public opinion on the right side is omnipotent. If the young go out, and they must—to grapple with the evils of life, they must determine their position, and decide where they will stand. They should go out with well-established principles, and strong convictions of duty, fully convinced of their responsibility, and always remembering that the welfare of others, as well as their own is depending on their fidelity: "faithful in little, faithful in much."

We come back to the one great thought—that the home culture, in Judge Shelby's family, was doing its work in the every day lives of those who had been blessed with that home. Harvey was growing rich in all good and generous impulses. Lilla's heart was expanding in beauty, while her body was developing under the motherly care and culture of dear grandma. Dear, loving, Mrs. Shelby had grown beautiful in spirit by the afflictions and sorrows of life.

Ah! how true it is that sorrow never leaves us as it found us. If we receive it submissively as the cup which a father's love has mingled, it purifies, exalts and strengthens, but if we rebelliously dash it from our lips, and strive to wash away its bitterness by the intoxicating wine of pride, the hardening or debasement of our nature is the inevitable consequence.

The love that the Judge had for his only daughter was beautiful.

It is a true remark that, "there is something peculiarly beautiful in the tie that unites a father and daughter." The reverence and obedience which a son rarely renders without some effort, is the spontaneous tribute of a daughter's heart, and the authority, which has in it, ordinarily, somewhat of sternness to a son, is tempered to a daughter by a chivalrous gentleness.

Somewhat of this power was possessed by Mrs. Jerome. It was the power of a nature simple and earnest, which dared always to seem what it really was.

The true, the noble, the generous, are those who are bold and fearless

work in the formation of Lilla's character.

Sorrow has nothing purifying in itself, but it supplies the most effective stimulant to the exercise of our higher nature, and when that sorrow has been vicarious, when we assume it willingly that we may minister to another's well-being, it becomes the grand means of developing the spiritual and heavenly attributes of our humanity: and under such influences had the life of Lilla, from the time she was found a little wanderer, been developing.

Is it any wonder, that when the eventful day came that was to unite loving hearts, that Miss Emma realized that it was pregnant with good or evil—that it was the hour which introduced her to new, cares and new responsibilities to meet that hour? Heaven had provided her new incentives and new supports, and, yet, to us it is at fault, because it does not instruct its youth in these great principles.

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A DEAF-MUTE KILLED BY KEROSENE.

The Yonkers' Gazette of September 22d says:

At about half past seven o'clock on Saturday morning last Mrs. Sarah E. Davis, widow, and a deaf mute, living with her little boy on the upper floor of a brick house owned by Frank Imhoff, on Riverdale avenue, lit the fire in her cooking stove. It not burning up as rapidly as she desired, she took the kerosene oil can and commenced pouring the fluid on the burning wood. The flames followed the stream up and into the can, which immediately exploded, scattering the burning oil over her clothing, which in an instant was ablaze. She tried to extinguish the flames, but being unsuccessful, ran down stairs to Mrs. Wm. Keating's apartments, where, in her frantic struggles she set fire to several pieces of furniture. Mrs. Keating tried to the best of her power to put out the fire, and in so doing burned her own hands severely. Mrs. Davis then ran down stairs into the butcher shop, where John Lewis, the butcher, put out the fire, and the unfortunate woman was taken up stairs again to her apartments. Dr. Balch was quickly in attendance and did all he could to alleviate the sufferings of the woman and she was then conveyed to the Riverside Hospital, where, after lingering a few hours in great agony, she died. Mrs. Davis was thirty-seven years of age and leaves a bright little boy an orphan. At the time the fire occurred the St. John's Church bell rang, and a portion of the fire department turned out, but their services were not needed, the fire in Mrs. Keating's rooms being quickly extinguished.

ABBE DE L'EPEE.

Mons. Felix Martin, an artist, born a deaf-mute, has executed a group representing the Abbe de l'Epee, who has been a beneficent friend to those thus afflicted, teaching a deaf and dumb youth, and desires it to be placed in the court of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Paris, in recognition of the debt of gratitude which he and his brethren in misfortune owe to the Abbe.

ED.—The emigration of carpenters and other classes of mechanics from this country to England is now very extensive. Twenty-five more carpenters, engaged under a three years' contract at good wages and short hours, have sailed. The American Consul at Liverpool reports that many American mechanics are arriving there, besides those under contract, and he desires that the workmen of this country be warned against going there, unless they have secured employment in advance.

ED.—Remember for what purpose you were born, and through the whole of life look at its end; consider, when that comes, in what you will put your trust. Not in the recollections of a Emma and her father. The strength of manhood in the Judge, and the gentle winning ways of his wife, stood in perfect contrast to each other; yet each were doing their appropriate

work in the formation of Lilla's character.

### A TREE THAT RAINS.

The Consul of the United States of Columbia in the Department of Lereto, Peru, has recently called the attention of President Prado to a remarkable tree which exists in the forests adjoining the village of Moyobamba. This tree, known to the natives as Tamai-Caspi (rain tree), is about 58 feet in height at full growth, and the diameter of its trunk is about 39 inches. It absorbs and condenses the moisture in the atmosphere with astonishing energy, and it is said that water constantly exudes from its trunk and falls like rain from its branches. So abundant is the water supply that the soil near by is turned into